

AN
ELEGY
ON
WHITE-HALL.

WEEP all ye Mortals who have Teares to spare,
You that have none, continue as you are:
But if you can't your usual Temper keep,
You, if you please, may *Laugh* at those that
But Reader, thou may'st justly ask me why, *(Weep.*
Or wherefore, I would have you *Laugh* or *Cry*:
I'll tell thee then, if know the truth you must,
Alas! alas! WHITE-HALL's Consum'd to Dust;
In Earthly things, Ah! Who would put their trust?
Tho' I confess, if I may be so bold,
To tell to you, what I have oft been told,
'Twas but a wicked Structure whilst it stood,
I always thought 'twould never come to Good.
Most, I believe, will my Opinion hold,
Like some good Wives, 'twas *Ugly*, and 'twas *Old*.
Some think it was a Palace of Renown,
But I must say (with reverence to the Crown)
It ne'er look'd truly Noble till 'twas down.
As scatter'd Ruins most delightful be,
In whose *Disorder* we more *Beauty* see,
Than can be found in *Regularity*.
Before 'twas Burnt, it Unregarded stood,
A shapeless, homely Pile of Brick and Wood:
But when the fatal Flames had Bore it down,
'Twas Gaz'd at, and Admir'd by all the Town.
'Alas 'tis gon! And all that does remain,
Is to Rebuild it Finer up again;
Which Politicians say will be the sequel,
So *Laugh*, or *Cry*, to me the matter's equal.